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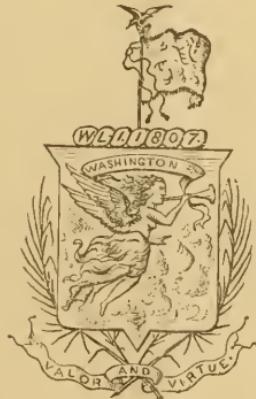
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY,

BY THE

WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY

OF

CHARLESTON, S. C.



22D FEBRUARY, 1878.



CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE NEWS AND COURIER BOOK AND JOB PRESSES.

1878.

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# WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

22D FEBRUARY, 1878.

## ARRIVAL OF GEN. LEE—HIS WELCOME AT THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY ARMORY.

[FROM THE NEWS AND COURIER, FEBRUARY 22, 1878.]

At half-past 7 o'clock last evening, Thursday, the 21st inst., the committee of citizens, of which Commodore Ingraham was chairman, together with the honorary and associate members of the Washington Light Infantry, assembled at their armory, which had been decorated for the occasion.

The drawing room, in addition to the elegant appointments, was adorned with flags and bunting. The several colors of the company were displayed, including the new memorial flag to be presented at Military Hall on the 22d instant.

It is of rich cardinal red silk, and measures five feet in length by three and a half in depth. It was designed three years ago by the late John B. Irving, Jr., of whom South Carolina is so justly proud. The skill with which the needle has been made to reproduce the conception of the artist is hardly less to be admired than the design itself. The embroidery is indeed exquisite, and only the closest inspection can do justice to its merits.

On one side, in the centre of the red field, stands a large Palmetto tree, wrought in fine chenille, shaded to represent the varied hues of the natural tree. Below the base appears in small letters, also of chenille, the date "22d February, 1878," the date of the revival, after the war, of the military observance of the day. Beneath this in large letters of old English text in gray shaded silk, is the name of the corps and the date of its organization: *Washington Light Infantry, 1807.* The flag is outlined by a border of oak leaves in green chenille, interspersed with acorns and branches of wood color. Gracefully interwoven throughout the whole appear, at intervals, legends bearing the record of the *W. L. I.*, in letters of golden silk, edged in blue. The first is "Charleston, 1812-15;" then follow "Lafayette, 1825;" "Eutaw Flag, 1827;" "St. Augustine, 1836;" "Fourth of July, Capt. Porter, 1846;" "Corpen's Monument, 1856;" "Win. Washington Monument, 1858;" "Bunker Hill, 1875;" "Fourth of July, Philadelphia, 1876;" "Hampton Reception, 1877."

On the reverse appears a rich border of oak leaves and acorns in chenille, with an

inner wreath of the same enclosing a faithful copy of the marble monument in Magnolia Cemetery, erected to the one hundred and thirteen members of the *W. L. I.* who died in the Confederate service. This is embroidered in silk floss, shaded from white to darkest gray, reproducing the effect of light and shadow in stone. Two palmetto branches, torn by shot and shell, worked in green chenille, are crossed at the base, and displays this pathetic motto, "*Pariter Pietate vel Armis Insignis,*" and the date of the late struggle, "1861-65." On the two upper corners, "Co. A, Twenty-fifth S. C. V.," "Co. B, Twenty-fifth S. C. V.," at the lower left hand corner, also in letters of golden silk, is "Co. A, Hampton Legion Infantry," on the right, "W. L. I. Charitable Association, 1866."

The whole is bordered by a handsome fringe of red and golden silk. The silk, fringe, cords and tassel were imported from England in 1875 for this purpose through the agents of the manufacturers of the silk used for the standards of the English army. The embroidery was done at Mr. Shueckmann's, in King street. The flagstaff is of palmetto, surmounted by an eagle. Altogether, this standard, in conception and execution, has no equal in the Southern country. It reflects the highest credit on those who designed it and have brought the work to so brilliant a termination.

Among the other decorations were the arms of GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, GERMANY, SPAIN and the UNITED STATES on silk bannerets in very handsome style. The portraits of Washington, Lee, Hampton, Porter, Gilman and others were adorned with laurel leaves, ivy, moss and evergreens, the work of the lady friends of the corps. Over the silk-woven portrait of Washington the tri-color flag of France was in full display as a compliment to the donors.

The SUMTER PANEL now occupies the space between the King street windows of the drawing room. The central attraction is Stuart's portrait of Gen. Stephen Elliott, in gray jacket, standing on the ruins of Fort Sumter with a field glass in his hand. The portrait rests on a frame containing the fol-

lowing portraits of officers identified with the defence of Sumter: Capt. Jno. C. Mitchel, who succeeded Gen. Elliott in command and died at his post; Maj. T. A. Huguenin, who succeeded to the command upon the death of Capt. Mitchel and held it until abandoned; Capt. (now Rev.) John Johnson, engineer of the post, who found a way "to hold the fort;" Capt. Frank Harleston, of 1st S. C. Regular Artillery, a graduate of the Citadel Academy, who fell at the post of duty on the southeast rampart, and Capt. James M. Carson, Company A, W. L. I. Volunteers, 25th Regiment. It is intended to add other portraits as opportunity presents.

Above all is temporarily displayed the remnants of the battle flag recently presented to the corps by Mr. Gibbes. Its permanent location will be the same so soon as it can be prepared for a glass case intended to preserve it to posterity. Close beside this portrait is one of Lieut. R. A. Blum, who was killed at Battery Wagner in command of Company B, W. L. I., on the night of the evacuation of Morris Island. The armory proper was decorated with flags. Between the centre windows the word WELCOME blazed forth in bright gas jets, and on either sides the names of "Hampton" and "Lee," the chief guests of the occasion, flashed out in brilliant effect. Opposite the splendid gun ease, which has been so universally admired, was surmounted by an oil portrait, life size, of Governor Hampton, supported on either side by the arms of Virginia and South Carolina on silk bannerets. On either side of the Governor's portrait bronzed cannon and other military decorations were displayed, while over the portrait a small palmetto flag waves in honor of the "Man of the Legion."

The handsome oil portrait of Governor Hampton was loaned by Mr. G. N. Barnard, artist, King street, who also reproduced the portraits in the Sumter panel.

Gens. W. H. F. Lee, Harry Heth and T. M. Logan were met on their arrival at the Northeastern Depot by Capt. Courtenay, Lieuts. Geo. D. Bryan, Alex. W. Marshall, W. Lucas Simons and Geo. B. Edwards, with Secretary F. H. Honour bearing the Eutaw flag, and Privates E. J. Masterman and D. B. Gilliland as color guard. After cordial greetings, Capt. Courtenay, with the guests from Virginia, entered an open carriage, in charge of Stephney Riley, who had asked to be allowed the honor of driving Gen. Lee into the city.

The carriage proceeded to the left of the brigade line, and the W. L. I. formed in square around it as a special guard of honor, with the Palmetto Guard, Lieut. B. C. Webb commanding, German Fusiliers, Capt. W. Knobeloch commanding, Sumter Guards, Capt. D. Huger Bacot commanding, and Irish Volunteers, Capt. B. F. McCabe commanding, as the escort to the Armory.

The following gentlemen were present by invitation of the Washington Light Infantry, as a committee of citizens to assist in the re-

ception of Gen. W. H. F. Lee, Gen. Harry Heth, and Gen. T. M. Logan, of Virginia:

Commodore Ingraham, Chairman.	Gen. F. W. Capers.
Col. C. H. Simonton.	N. R. Middleton, Esq.
Gen. Jas. Conner.	Gen. J. D. Aiken, Esq.
Dr. Henry Winthrop.	L. D. Mowry, Esq.
Col. T. Y. Simons.	Capt. James Simons.
Dr. A. B. Rose.	Dr. J. Ford Prieleau.
T. D. Wagner, Esq.	Col. C. S. Gadsden.
Col. P. C. Gaillard.	J. L. Honour, Esq.
A. O. Andrews, Esq.	Col. S. B. Pickens.
Col. Ed. McCrady.	James M. Eason, Esq.
Hon. Henry Buist.	Rev. E. C. Edgerton.
Rev. A. T. Porter.	Dr. F. L. Parker.
Gen. W. G. DeSaussure.	T. D. Jervay, Esq.
A. S. Johnston, Esq.	Oct. Wilkie, Esq.
Capt. F. W. Dawson.	C. P. Aimar, Esq.
Jas. M. Wilson, Esq.	Wm. Thayer, Esq.
Maj. R. C. Gilchrist.	Julian Mitchell, Esq.
F. J. Pelzer, Esq.	Dr. J. L. Ancrum.
A. St. Amand, Esq.	R. M. Marshall, Esq.
H. S. Griggs, Esq.	Isaac Hayne, Esq.
Col. G. H. Walter.	Rob't D. Mure, Esq.
Maj. T. A. Huguenin.	W. L. Webb, Esq.
Andrew Simonds, Esq.	W. L. Campbell, Esq.
Jas. S. Gibbes, Esq.	H. P. Archer, Esq.
Prof. F. S. Holmes.	B. F. Huger, Esq.
R. B. Rhett, Esq.	A. W. Taft, Esq.
J. P. K. Bryan, Esq.	W. M. Bird, Esq.
	V. C. Dibble, Esq.

Commodore Ingraham, who received Gen. Lee, as soon as he entered the hall, addressed him as follows:

*General:* As chairman of the committee of citizens charged with the agreeable duty of receiving you, it is my pleasure on their behalf to bid you welcome to Charleston. My long friendship with your noble father and gallant uncle Capt. Lee, enhances the occasion, which affords me an opportunity to welcome a son of Robert E. Lee to our city. I sincerely trust, General, that your visit may add another link to the chain which binds the people of South Carolina to those of gallant Virginia. Again, General, I bid you a heartfelt welcome.

Gen. Lee shook hands cordially with the citizens as they were presented, and also with the officers and members of the Palmetto Guards, German Fusiliers, Sumter Guards, Irish Volunteers and Washington Light Infantry of the military escort who had called in a body to pay their respects. Numerous hearty cheers were given for the distinguished guests and for the hosts of the reception. Gens. Lee, Heth and Logan remained at the Armory some time receiving visitors, and at 10 o'clock, Commodore Ingraham, Dr. Rose, and other gentlemen of the committee escorted the Virginians to their quarters at the Charleston Hotel.

After the reception at their armory last night the Washington Light Infantry repaired to the Charleston Hotel with the Post Band, and gave the newly arrived guests a serenade with a number of choice selections, beginning with "The sweet bye and bye."

# THE HAMPTON-LEE RECEPTION.

[ FROM THE NEWS AND COURIER, FEBRUARY 23, 1878.]

The Seventy-first Anniversary of the Washington Light Infantry was celebrated with great eclat on the 22d inst., at 5½ o'clock, in the afternoon. Over two hundred and forty guests assembled at their magnificent armory, Masonic Temple, which was elaborately decorated for the occasion. At 6 o'clock the band played an inspiring march, and the entire company proceeded to the adjoining banquet hall, where one of the most elegant fruit and wine parties ever given in South Carolina, was appointed. The tables were decorated with floral offerings, most tastefully arranged, and around their entire circuit "Munum's Extra Dry" iced champagne was in full supply, a bottle projecting from amid the floral offerings at intervals of about ten inches. The only decoration in this handsome saloon was the banner displayed in front of the armory October 30th, 1876, upon the disbanding of the Washington Light Infantry, by President Grant's orders, bearing this laconic inscription: "Disbanded, but solid for Hampton," suspended from which was a crimson flag—with W. L. I in white letters—all recalling the tyranny of the election period of 1876.

As soon as the company had refreshed themselves, Capt. Courtenay, in behalf of the Washington Light Infantry, then welcomed the distinguished visitors in the following eloquent address:

*Friends and Countrymen:* We have assembled in patriotic commemoration of the birthday of Washington! With deep thankfulness for the blessings so recently vouchsafed to us, and the hope that the peace and political progress we now enjoy, in marked contrast with the vulgar tyranny of a short year ago, may, for centuries to come, be the lot of a free, happy and prosperous Carolina.

It is my pleasing office to extend a welcome, cordial and heartfelt, to each and all. Welcome! to the steadfast patriot, our honored Chief Magistrate, who has labored so well for us; as true a follower of the voice of conscience and of duty as ever walked the world's rough highway. South Carolina's best future is implicit reliance on the words and acts of Wade Hampton!

Welcome! to the brave men and true, who did the State large service in her successful struggle against corruption and wrong.

And not alone in this our joy we welcome to our hearts and homes citizens of a sister State—how near and dear to us may be seen and felt in the sparkling eye and warmth of grasp, at the mention of the familiar name—Virginia.

Men of Richmond!—welcome to Carolina! We thank you for your pilgrimage hither, in generous appreciation of our love for you.

Welcome! thrice welcome to him, the immediate representative of one whose memory is enshrined in all our hearts, who bore our faintest hopes to the end, and when the end came, taught us new lessons of duty and of patriotism.

"O good grey-head which all men knew!  
O voice from which their omens all men drew!  
O iron nerve to true occasion true!"

Mother State! Birthland of Washington and Lee! the Palmetto State can ask no higher honor than that you should send as your representative the son of such a sire.

And now, my countrymen, on this secular Sabbath, sacred alike to memory and to hope, let us rejoice that we are not alone in our observance of this day. Not only in the populous centres of the Republic, but as well the lonely and remote have their part in this commemoration. "Where the boatman follows the winding stream, or the woodman explores the forest shades, where the miner lays down his eager drill beside rocks which guard the precious vein, or where the herdsman along the Sierras looks forth on the seas, which at our midnight shall be gleaming like gold in the setting sun—there also will the day be regarded as a day of memorial. The sailor on the sea will note it, and deck his ship in its brightest array of flags and bunting. Everywhere will be those who have thought of to-day, and who with us greet its coming."

Such is the day and the event we celebrate, one of the two holidays of the country, and in national esteem is identified with the birth of the nation itself. That which a hundred years ago was the unwritten creed in the hearts of all the people, has since received the sanction and solemnities of law, and the birthday of the Father of his Country has become a National Sabbath.

This thought and this feeling were perfectly expressed, by an illustrious Virginian, when our greatest earthly benefactor passed from earth; and we cannot better express our veneration and gratitude, on the day we have met to do homage to the immor-

tal Virginian and American, than by adopting the words of Lighthorse Harry Lee, which then and now, with accumulated emphasis and sanction, symbolize the thought of his countrymen everywhere.

Permit me, then, to propose, as the toast of the day: "The memory of the man—first in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen," and I have the honor to call on our distinguished guest, the grandson of "Lighthorse Harry," to respond.

After the cheering which Capt. Courtenay's remarks elicited, Gen. W. H. F. Lee was introduced, and was greeted with prolonged cheers, which prevented him from responding for some minutes. When the cheering ceased he spoke as follows:

*Mr. Chairman*—In replying to this toast, I must thank you for the warm sentiments which you have been pleased to express toward Virginia and her sons; for Virginia, proud it is true of her greatest son, does not think that she can claim him solely for herself. She is satisfied in having been able to have given him to this great American nation. First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he stands out in the world's history as the Father of his Country—and that country, now of hardly a hundred years in age, ranking among the foremost nations of the earth—and his mother State, whatever be her fate, will be honored for all time to come for having given to the world such a man—a perfect model for the imitation of mankind. And we also, sir, your guests on this joyous occasion—sons of the same old mother—come among you with our hearts warm towards Carolina and her gallant people. There has been no period in your history, either in war or peace, that the hearts of the people of Virginia have not been in sympathy with those of Carolina. And especially has it been so in the last years of trial and tribulation which have been the darkest in your history. We have wept with you in your sorrow, and now, thank God, can rejoice with you in your great and glorious political victory which has brought again the smiles of gladness to your cheek, and it is with the proudest satisfaction that we hail this day which gave to freedom Washington as a brighter omen for the future of your State. And now, sir, as you will have to listen to me in a short time in the same line of thought, I will not detain you longer, but before taking my leave I wish to offer you a sentiment. I give you, sir, Carolina—May her future, under the wise and prudent guidance of the gallant Hampton—a man not more honored in the Palmetto State than in Old Virginia—be in the material life which lies before her, not less glorious than that which she achieved in the heroic age of the South. [Applause]

Vociferous cheering greeted Gen. Lee as he progressed in his eloquent speech, and at its close the hall rang with deafening applause. Governor Hampton rose to respond to the sentiment with which Gen. Lee had closed his speech, the warm delivery of which

greatly added to its effect. Governor Hampton was heartily received, none the less by the Virginians than the Carolinians. He spoke as follows:

*My friends of the Washington Light Infantry!* This is the second occasion to-day that I have had the pleasure of meeting men who were my comrades during the war. I have seen the men of the Washington Artillery and now I meet those of the first company that volunteered for the Hampton Legion, the men who were on the right of that legion; who under Conner went always nearest the flashing of the guns, and out of 106 came out of the war with but two men who were not killed or wounded. I remember all these things; I remember all the incidents connected with the legion, and I tell you that you and all who served with me are bound to me by ties which death may, but nothing else can ever sever. I have had the good fortune to lead many of you in battle. It has been, perhaps, my better fortune to lead you during this last political canvass. I take no credit to myself, for I was but the exponent of the feelings, the voice and the entire heart of the people of South Carolina. But I can say this to you, young men of South Carolina, that I dedicated every feeling, wish and thought to the safety, honor and prosperity of South Carolina. You cannot know, you can never know, the sacrifices I made in that canvass; but, had they been tenfold greater—had they involved even my life—the satisfaction I have felt since in seeing a free people once more upon the soil of my old mother, and in recognizing that in the hearts of the people of South Carolina I have a warm place, would afford me ample compensation for all that I have had to endure. [Applause.]

My time is almost out. Let me say to you that the fight is not over yet. That this next election will be *the crisis in the history of this State*. You have it in your hands to say whether that will perpetuate the peace and prosperity of the State; whether the power will remain in your hands, or whether it will be lost. You have seen that by doing justice to all, recognizing the rights of all citizens of South Carolina, you can carry the State. If you go on in that line you will carry it again, but I warn you if you depart from that straight and narrow road, *if you allow the extreme men of this State to take possession of it*, just as sure as the sun will rise it will rise upon your failure. I speak as a Carolinian to Carolinians. I ask you to think of these things. You, the young men of South Carolina, into whose hands her destinies will soon be placed, who are to take our places, are the ones to work upon this line. You have a glorious destiny before you. By your conduct in the last election you have stamped yourselves heroes. You have shown a courage higher than the highest courage in facing the cannon's mouth—that you can govern yourselves; that you are worthy of the freedom you have achieved. Now, let me adjure you,

to go on in the same line and devote yourselves to your State. Think of nothing but the interest of that State. Work for it, dedicate yourselves to it, and though I may not see it—it may be I will have passed off the scene—but your children and my children will rise up to call you blessed.

I did not intend to say so much to-night, but there are themes which when they are touched arouse the emotions of my heart, and one of those themes is that toast just given—South Carolina.

I close as I began, praying that you as citizens of South Carolina will prove worthy of the destinies before you, and that you will lift the old State up, and proud as her record has been, you will make it prouder, brighter and more glorious in the future.

Tremendous cheering followed the Governor's speech, so replete with wisdom and liberal and patriotic sentiment.

Lieut. George D. Bryan, of the Washington Light Infantry, made a complimentary allusion to the citizen soldiery of the State, which called out General B. H. Rutledge, of the 1st Division, who said he would not make a speech, but would take occasion to refer to one who had added lustre to the State and to the people from whom he had descended. All eyes were turned upon Brigadier-General Rudolph Siegling, who was greeted with cheers.

Gen. Siegling, after responding to the compliment paid to the Fourth Brigade and himself by Gen. Rutledge, said:

It gives me very great pleasure to discharge an agreeable duty for our hosts of the evening. It is to express the high appreciation of the Washington Light Infantry for the public spirited and zealous manner in which the adjutant general of the State has discharged the duties of his laborious office. Actuated by the desire to elevate the standard of military excellence, and despite great obstacles, his aim has been to secure for the service a limited force of volunteers, well equipped and disciplined, which would command the respect of the people of the State. This command has especially invited Gen. Moise to be present on this gala occasion, that, in the presence of this distinguished assemblage, these acknowledgments should be publicly made, for his interest manifested in

in their affairs, and receive, as he was sure they would, the unanimous approval of the representatives of the Fourth Brigade present. [Prolonged cheering and cries for Gen. Moise.]

Gen. Moise on rising was received with enthusiastic applause, and spoke as follows:

*Soldiers of the Washington Light Infantry!* I am deeply sensible of the very handsome manner in which you have received the generous remarks of Gen. Siegling.

I am conscious that these are more to be attributed to his noble nature, than to any merit which I possess.

Looking around me and seeing the superb array of citizen soldiery assembled at your festive board, and in this splendid hall, I am overcome by a sense of proud exultation that here, in the metropolis of our State, under these smiling, joyous skies, we meet in prosperity and in peace. The future must ever be a nameless fear and an undefined hope. In either event, whether to enjoy the blessings of happy and deserved rest, and to reap the rewards of earnest effort well directed, or to face with calm serenity the storms of fate, and bear with fortitude the evil results of dissension and consequent misrule, South Carolina will rely on her soldier sons and will see her honor reflected from their arms. Gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry, by the light of your past record, I read the glory of your future history.

Gen. T. M. Logan, who never fails to receive a hearty greeting from the Washington Light Infantry, and particularly from those veterans whom he so often and gallantly led in Virginia, was loudly called for. It was doubtful if he would have time to speak as the hour was drawing nigh for the oration, and he only consented to do so because Governor Hampton introduced him. He spoke briefly in relation to his presence in the city and at the entertainment, which he said was due to his former chieftain, Governor Hampton, whom he followed in peace as in war. He then proposed three cheers for Gen. W. H. F. Lee, which were given with great spirit. This ended the reception, which was elegant and tasteful, and which was enlivened by music by the Virginia Band and the famous Eutaw Band.

## ORATION AND FLAG PRESENTATION.

ANNUAL ORATION BEFORE THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY,  
FEBRUARY 22, 1878, BY THE REV. E. C. EDGERTON, A MEMBER OF  
THE COMPANY.

The spacious exhibition room of Military Hall was packed to its utmost capacity last night to witness the presentation of the flag given by the ladies of Charleston to the Washington Light Infantry. The audience was largely composed of ladies, and was one of the most brilliant ever gathered in this city, the uniforms gleaming conspicuously among the silks and jewels on the floor. On the stage was gathered a large number of distinguished gentlemen. Among them were the Walker Light Guard of Richmond, Va., Rev. J. Wm. Jones of Richmond, Attorney-Gen. Letoy Youmans Gen. Sam'l McGowan, Hon. W. D. Porter, Commodore D. N. Ingraham, Brigadier-General Stokes, Brigadier General Siegling, the Rev. Father C. J. Croghan, Col. F. W. Capers, Col. Seully, U. S. A., ex-Gov. A. G. Magrath, Judge Bryan, Gen. Humphreys, Lieut. Bargamin, of the Walker Light Guard, Hon. T. Y. Simons, Col. C. H. Simonton, Col. C. R. Miles, Adjutant Miles, of the First Brigade of Cavalry, Major J. F. Ficklin, Col. C. Kerrison, Jr., Major A. T. Smythe, Adjutant Dennis O'Neill, Col. A. O. Andrews, Capt. Sweeney, Regimental Quartermaster of the Seventeenth Regiment, Major Von Santen, of Gen. Siegling's Staff, Capt. Post and Major Gould, United States Army, Capt. Rhett and Lieut. T. Pinckney Lowndes, of the Marion Artillery, Capt. B. F. McCabe, of the Irish Volunteers; Mons. Truy, French Consul; Col. Zimmerman Davis, Maj. R. C. Gilchrist, Maj. Wm. Boyle and Maj. McIver, of Gen. Stokes's staff; Lieut. H. T. Williams, of the Carolina Rifle Battalion; Col. Cain, of the Governor's staff, Capt. E. A. Smyth, of the Washington Artillery, and many others.

The proceedings were opened with a most eloquent and appropriate prayer by the Rev. A. Toomer Porter. At the conclusion of this, Capt. W. A. Courtenay introduced the Rev. Mr. Edgerton, of Aiken, as the annual orator, whose oration we now present in full, as follows:

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow-Soldiers of the Washington Light Infantry:* We celebrate today the one hundred and forty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Washington, the hero of the Revolution, the first of American Presidents, the Father of his Country, and the admiration of the world.

To do honor to the memory of the illustrious dead is both the payment of a just debt which we owe to them, and the source of a great benefit which we derive unto ourselves. It is the payment of a debt of gratitude to them. Reaping as we do the large advantages purchased by their labors, sacrifices and unselfish devotion, it is the least that we can do to ever cherish their names in grateful recollection, and sometimes to give public expression to the feelings of affectionate veneration with which they inspire us. And if in that world of spirits to which they have gone any faint whisper, any distant rumor of aught that transpires below, can e'er be known, then the benefactors of our race may still continue to reap some recompense of all they suffered, as generation after generation rises up in turn to call them blessed.

To-day we meet together to make that annual tribute, which with few exceptions for many years the Washington Light Infantry, at whose call I speak, has laid at the feet of him whom all delight to honor—of him who was peerless among patriots, undaunted by darkest disaster, undazzled by most splendid success—ready to take the foremost place when the foremost place was the post of danger—content to resign that lofty estate when the emergency which called him forth was past; as great as he was good, and as good as he was great.

Amid the many honored names which have shed lustre upon American history, in arts and arms, by land and sea, in peace and war, in politics and letters, the name of Washington stood long conspicuous,

*"Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky."*

And even now there is but one who shares that place he holds within our hearts. That other honored name, also, Virginia, the mother of Washington and nurse of heroes, has contributed to us and to the world. They stand together in our hearts, as they stand together upon one of her institutions of learning—Washington and Lee. *Per nobile fratrum!* Methinks that either one might well have filled the other's place. Two men, whom neither love of courage, nor ambition for military glory, summoned to the field of strife—but only the sense of duty and the love of country. To

one it was given in the hour of triumph to restrain the excitement of the victors and heal the bitterness of strife, and then to step down of his own accord from the lofty position he had occupied only for his country's good. To the other's lot it fell on the dark eclipse of failure to set the beautiful example of patient submission to the inevitable, and to illustrate the duty of conquering for one's country's sake those natural bitternesses which war and defeat cannot fail to engender in the hearts of the vanquished. The fame of him who was successful rests upon a world-wide admiration. All nations do him reverence—all tongues contribute to his praise. The fame of him who was unsuccessful is our special trust and our exclusive treasure. May we never forget the debt of gratitude which we owe to both!

But we not only discharge a debt of gratitude when we do public honor to the memory of illustrious benefactors—we may also thence derive an estimable benefit unto ourselves. The influence of such men was not confined to the years of their life on earth. They being dead, yet speaketh. By the recollection of their virtues, by the study of their character, by the influence of their example, they yet work a good work in us when they wake our admiration and incite us to an humble emulation.

“Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time—  
Footprints which, perhaps, another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again.”

In the character of Washington we find the model by which to measure those who fill the places which once he filled. In his noble simplicity—in his beautiful humility—in his invaluable dignity and courtesy—in his reverence for law, and constitution, and legal authority—in his conscientious performance of duty—in his perfect freedom from partisan spirit—in his careful, scrupulous administration of public funds—and in his national patriotism, we see the perfection of those qualities which ought to be found in every President and in every public servant; while in his benevolence, his industry, his hospitality, his public spirit, his domestic tastes, and the purity of his personal character, he presents us with an example which each man may profitably strive to emulate, though it be in the humblest walks of life. What station is there in life which may not find in him the type of its human perfection? If one be high in rank and station, he may learn from Washington the lesson of unaffected modesty, conscientious fidelity, and noble simplicity of life and manner. If one be in subordinate position, he may see in Washington the type of cheerful co-operation and cordial submission to lawful authority. If one be unfortunate, he may learn from Washington to hope against hope, and to persevere unto the end. If one be prospered, he may learn the harder lesson of moderation

and self-control. The man of business may learn from him the habits of neatness, accuracy, method, punctuality, and unswerving fidelity. In him the gentleman of wealth and leisure sees the type of refined and cultivated hospitality. Every son may learn from him the lesson of filial affection. Every laborer, of unflagging industry; every citizen, the crowning glory of a self-forgetting and self-sacrificing patriotism. Yes, and every American child is brought to think of Washington as the embodiment of that greatest of virtues—truth.

If association then with great and good men when living, or the study of their history and character when dead, have any tendency to elevate and purify character, and to strengthen principle—as we know they have—it cannot fail to benefit us to recall to mind that such as Washington have lived and died.

Upon such occasions as the present, one obvious duty is to review the history and character of him whose birth we celebrate. In the life of Washington we shall find a perfect living epic. When we have conceived the most perfectly successful life that man can live below, that conception shall not be more successful than was the life of Washington. Shakespeare has written:

“All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages.”

Upon whichsoever one of these seven phases we fix our eyes, who more successfully and happily than he has passed it through? And first—the infant: He comes into the world the offspring of a family which for centuries can trace its line of ancestors, not always remarkable for wealth, or rank, or power, but always for sturdy virtue, and for steadfast courage. He inherits from his fathers—if there be inheritance in such things—that quality, without which the highest rank is a disgrace, and the largest wealth a curse, namely, the priceless treasure of a manly, truthful, brave and honest heart. What prouder pedigree than a lengthened line of those who, sometimes high and sometimes lowly, have always done their duty in the sphere of life which they were called upon to fill? As one of his historians has said, “Hereditary rank may be an illusion, but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness, beyond all the blazonry of the Herald's College.” But whatever difference of opinion there may be upon this point, there can be none as to the effect produced upon youthful character by the example of an upright, conscientious father, and the life-long impressions of a tender, refined, devoted, faithful mother. Such was the birthright of him of whom we speak. Thus was his little bark auspiciously launched for the voyage of life. Whatever the result of that voyage might have been, certainly it could have no brighter or more hopeful inauguration.

And then the school-boy. In some respects

it is the most important period in life. Schoolboys have harder trials to endure, and harder questions to decide, and harder difficulties to conquer, than ever again in life's varied experience they will have to meet with. Body, mind and soul are then plastic and growing; if there be neglect or perversion in any of the three, we pay the penalty till death. The bent and twisted sapling will never make the straight and stately tree. The colt ruined in the breaking will never make the racer nor the useful servant. An error in the school-boy period is error for a life-time. Washington's school-boy period was not idly wasted. Then were acquired those habits of industry, application, accuracy, neatness and method, which lasted to the end of life, and have set their stamp upon every work to which he put his hand. They gave him "a lawyer's skill in the drafting of documents, and a merchant's exactness in the keeping of accounts," and have made his financial records, whether public or private, to be "monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy." Opportunity was, indeed, denied to him to rear the elegant superstructures of advanced mathematics, or classic tongues, or literary accomplishments—but the solid foundation stones on which all abiding education must rest—fidelity, method, accuracy, industry, love of truth and love of knowledge—were then laid deep and sure.

But body as well as mind is developing in early youth. Who would depict his ideal of a boy, as pale, diminutive, hollow-eyed, sunk in the chest and shrinking from association with his peers? We think of the perfect boy, as full of health and spirits, and energy and life. He climbs, he swims, he rides, he runs, he leaps. His cheeks are ruddy; his hands are tough and brown; his shoulders are broad, and he grows as the corn grows after a rain. And such was the physical boyhood of Washington. His delight is in athletic sports—which develop the muscles. He is light of foot, like Asahel; he is strong as a youthful Samson; he can hurl a stone across the Rappahannock; he rides with fearless confidence the wildest steed; his place is by the side of the staunch old hunter, Lord Fairfax, as bold as he in the saddle, as impetuous in the chase.

And there is a moral side, too, to the development of school-boy life. What more can we desire than that one should be like Washington, truthful and frank in character, affectionate in disposition, a favorite with teachers and companions, the leader of their sports, the umpire of their disputes, and the friend and protector of the helpless.

Thus auspiciously the second scene of life has passed away. Next comes the phase of early manhood. As boyhood is the season of preparation, so this is the time for the testing and proving of character. The full-fledged bird must spread his wings and show whether he be one to seek the skies, or hop from bough to bough and love the earth. Many a promising youth has prospered to the

very end of his collegiate course, and then began to fail as he encountered the rougher waters of a practical life.

Application and industry are the cardinal virtues of boyhood; but resolution, judgment, self-reliance are essential for the work of manhood. The metal of Washington's character is soon brought to the test. No princely fortune was, at this time, his; but the kind necessity was laid upon him to make his way in life. He makes his debut at the age of sixteen years, as the young surveyor of the Shenandoah Valley. It was an undertaking full of labor. Trackless forests must be penetrated; swollen, rushing rivers must be crossed; by day the heat will parch him, and by night the frost. It was an undertaking full of peril. Wild beasts lurk in the thickets, and wilder, fiercer men roam the forests or dwell in the little clearings. The young surveyor will disturb them as he comes among them, the representative of one who claims the land they occupy—some by title immemorial, and some by squatter right. As he runs his line, he will often hold in his hands the thread of life as well as the surveyor's chain. But that surveying expedition, though he knew it not, was the little acorn out of which developed the mighty oak of his imperishable fame. It won for him the favor of Lord Fairfax—that favor lifted him to the post of public surveyor—that post gave him thorough acquaintance with frontier men and places—that acquaintance procured him his commission when French and Indian hostilities were threatening—that commission, and his eminent services under it, laid the foundation of his appointment to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

Behold him next, a soldier. Of his services as subordinate, let it suffice to say, that they proved his capacity to obey—and that from the midst of great reverses and disasters, his courage and judgment shone out the more conspicuous. The defeat of Braddock was only a laurel in his wreath—blood stained, it is true, but a laurel still.

The outbreak of the Revolution gave him for the first time a supreme command. Of Washington's career as a general I can speak in only general terms. If the greatness of a commander is to be measured by the size of the armies he commands, or the numbers of the slain, or the parade and circumstance of war, Washington has little claim to be considered one of the great military men of history. If brilliancy and rapidity of movement, brief and decisive campaigns, pitched and sanguinary battles, are essential unto greatness, his claims are slight. But if it be great to achieve success when failure was, humanly speaking, certain, to wrest victory out of defeat, and put despair to flight—if greatness is to be measured by the overcoming of obstacles, the counterbalancing of grievous odds—by courage, by resolution, by patience, by hope in the midst of despair, then the soldier phase of Washington's life was as conspicuously successful as any other. Nothing suc-

ceeds like success—and Washington succeeded. Without money and without credit, without a navy, without established forts or arsenals—sometimes without a day's rations for his army, and that army reduced to less than four thousand men—from Bunker Hill to Long Island, from Long Island to West Point, from West Point to the Delaware, from the Delaware to Valley Forge, from Valley Forge to Morristown, and finally to Yorktown, for seven years the dubious and unequal conflict raged, until on the 17th day of October, 1781, he received the sword of Cornwallis, on the soil of his native State, and the war was ended. The independence of America was achieved. Were there ever greater odds in war than when three thousand militia stood opposed to forty thousand war-trained veterans, at the close of the campaign of 1775? Was there ever darker despair than when in Valley Forge the unshod soldiers marked their course with bloody footprints through the snow and ice? He is not the greatest general who wields the largest armies, and drawing from an inexhaustible reserve, and reckless of life, hurls his full battalions upon a weaker foe until that foe is crushed; but he rather, who with his starving, decimated, barefoot skeletons of regiments, holds a mighty foe at bay for years, even though, at last, he surrenders to the inevitable, the emaciated bodies, battered weapons, and empty haversacks of his command. But here was one who, out of such materials, evolved success. His was a success not made by opportunities and built upon abundant means, but in spite of every obstacle, and in the absence of all the material which has made others great. And next we see comes the President upon the scene. The war is ended; the army is disbanded; the curtain rises on a scene of peace. Who holds the helm of State? It is he who was first in war, and is now the first in peace, because he was first in the hearts of his countrymen. He has laid aside the sword for the pen, the garb of war for the apparel of the citizen. It is a dangerous experiment, for the school of war does not develop the politician's art or the statesman's foresight. Whether Washington succeeded as a President, let the history of the United States for the eight years of his Presidency testify. At its inception what do we see? A debt of eighty millions presses down the country, and not a cent is in the treasury. The Indians threaten war from Canada to Georgia. A foreign power claims the navigation of the Mississippi—the treaty relations with the Mother country are so unsettled that another war seems more than probable—plentiful dissatisfaction exists at home—insurrection ready to break out in North and South and East and West. It is a gloomy outlook. But at its conclusion what scene meets our eyes? Stability in the government, prosperity through the length and breadth of the land, peace abroad, content at home, increasing revenues, universal plenty. What stronger demonstration can there be

than this result that the helm of State had been firmly held, and the Ship of State had been wisely steered? It may well be doubted whether Washington accomplished for, and deserved from his country more, when at the head of her armies or when seated in her Presidential chair.

When the curtain falls at the conclusion of this fifth scene in the drama of a Great Man's Life, it seems to hide from our eyes one who is already possessed of all that this world can give him. Health and vigor possess his frame; immense wealth fills his coffers; his brows are twined with the laurel wreath of military glory, and the palm of civic fame. A grateful country calls him Father. While we wait for that curtain to rise again, we might well exclaim "there is nothing more for him except to die." The curtain rises—and lo! a scene in some respects most wonderful of all. From his lofty estate he has turned, so soon as duty suffered him, with unfeigned joy, and throwing off the burdensome trappings of place and power, ties to Mount Vernon with something of a school-boy's ardor in vacation. There in the labors of his vast estates—in schemes of agricultural improvement—in works of public benefit—in benevolent distribution to the poor—in unceasing industry, he reaps the recompense of all his labors, and asks for nothing more.

"Last scene of all, which ends this strange, eventful history." The Messenger who comes with equal foot to the hovels of the poor and the palaces of kings, draws near to him. It is the crowning scene. That life only is well which ends well. Upon the parting scene I drop the veil. On such an occasion it would not be appropriate to dwell particularly on it. Suffice it to say that in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope, supported by a sense of Divine acceptance, in perfect resignation, and in perfect charity with all the world, he falls asleep.

Such is the rapid and imperfect sketch of the life of Washington. I call it a grand and living epic? If this be not a great man, where shall we look for a great man of the earth? Shall we grant the name to Alexander, sunk at last in debauchery, and weeping for more world's to conquer? Shall we grant the title to Caesar, dying under the knives of his own countrymen in the zenith of his power? Shall we find a great man in the ocean prison of St. Helena, where the hero of a hundred battle-fields wore out his disappointed soul, as a caged bird beats its wings against surrounding bars? And shall we refuse to call him great who filled with distinguished honor every place he occupied—realized all that this world has to give—came to his end in his season, like a shock of corn fully ripe, and whose lot it was

"The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes."

"Where shall the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes—One the First, the Last, the Best,  
The Cincinnati of the West,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington."

I have detained you long enough, and it is time I should be drawing to a conclusion. Let me have your attention a few minutes longer. I shall not trespass much more upon your patience.

Gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry, and citizen-soldiers of South Carolina! We ought vividly to realize what Washington endured in the seven years war of the Revolution. We know the meaning of Valley Forge. We can see in Memory's mirror scenes which illustrate his forced advances, his night retreats, his empty commissariat, his stand behind hasty entrenchments against overwhelming odds, his sudden turns upon the pursuer. Some of us, too, have seen soldiers gathering berries by the wayside, and the grains of corn which the horses had left upon the ground. And some of us, too, have witnessed a scene which Washington never passed through—a scene which makes us think of Yorktown, to be sorry for Cornwallis. We can sympathize with brave men who are unsuccessful.

Perhaps there are those elsewhere, if not here, who may find it in their hearts to say: What part have these in Washington? What portion in the Father of his Country? What right have they to bring their tribute to the feet of him whose parting words were warnings against separation? To-day we wish to stand, as it were, in his august presence, and answer as to him as to what we have done in the past and expect to do in the future. We would make our appeal to him that he should judge us.

Standing in the spirit-presence of Washington, shall we be ashamed of that which we have done? Shall we disown the past? No! We would say to him, who with his commission in his pocket and his baggage on the man-of-war, yet heard his mother's voice, and refused to leave her side—like you, we too have heard the voice of our Mother-State, calling to her sons in her hour of need. Like yon, we too have listened to obey. When she lifted up her banner, we stood beneath it. Where she bade us go, we went. We have done our duty to her, as well as we knew how, with all our hearts. Like you, we have kept back nothing from her service. We have poured forth our best blood like water. We have exhausted at her call the accumulated treasures of an hundred years. We have robbed the cradle and the grave to fill her ranks. Our land has been marred and scarred with blackened ruins, from the seaboard to the mountains. Whatever the result has been—whatever the outside world may think of the cause, are we now to be ashamed of the patience, and the courage, and the fortitude, and the heroic

self-sacrifice of the past? Shall we ever blush to speak of those who have marched by our side, and slept by our side, and fought by our side, and whose life-blood has been sprinkled on our hands? Never! Never! Never! Let the cause be what it may, no man who knows what love of country is can fail to bare his brow, and bow his head, when he stands by the graves of those who, at their country's call, have suffered all that men can suffer, and have died an hundred deaths. To be ashamed of them, is to be ashamed of that in which we ought to glory. It would only demonstrate that we had lost our manhood, our sense of gratitude, and our self-respect—a thousand times unworthy to be called the countrymen of Washington.

We turn from the past to look into the future. The war is ended. The appeal to the arbitration of the sword has been decided. Our Mother-State has taken her place in the circle that she left, and we perceive that her future is linked to the welfare of the entire land. The voice which called us to the field, now bids us heal the wounds of war. The path of patriotic duty is open and plain before us—to cast out the animosities which was engendered, and to work together for the honor, prosperity and welfare of the State and nation. Does obedience to that call require us to forget, repudiate or disown the past? Nay, it is to walk in the light of the same principles which were then our guides. It is unswerving fidelity to the great principles of patriotism, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria aut vivere aut mori.*"

The past is the pledge of our sincerity and truth. By the battered walls of Sumter, by the trampled sands of Moultrie, by the blood of Carolina poured out on every battle-field from the Potomac to the Mississippi, we may be known to be men who mean the things we say. If we ever blush for the past, if we ever cease to honor the memory of those who suffered and died in their country's service, and in obedience to what they recognized as their country's call, then place no confidence in our promises, rely not on our allegiance. We shall have forfeited our honor, we shall have thrown away our self-respect. We stand upon our record, and because our record is just what it is, and nothing else, therefore there is meaning in our words when we gather beneath the crimson folds of the Eutaw banner, illuminated by the Stars and Stripes, and shout:

"Unfurl the glorious banner,  
Which at Eutaw shone so bright,  
An' like a dazzling meteor, swept  
Through the Cowpens dead'y fight.  
Sound, sound your lively bugle\*,  
Let them pour their loudest blast,  
While we pledge both life and honor  
To stand by it to the last."

Capt. Courtenay then announced that Gen. Lee would be introduced to the audience by Governor Wade Hampton. [Tremendous cheering, the audience rising and waving handkerchiefs and caps in the air.]

Governor Hampton said that it had been made his duty, in behalf of the ladies, to introduce to the audience the distinguished citizen who was to present their flag. He need not to say how agreeable that duty was. It was especially so, because it gave him an opportunity, in the name of the Washington Light Infantry, in the name of the women of Charleston, and in the name of the men of Charleston—and not only in their names, but in the names of the people throughout the length and breadth of South Carolina—to bid him thrice welcome to their hearts and homes. No audience could be found in South Carolina that would require an introduction of him. The name he bore was a password to their veneration and love, for that name was Lee. [Cheers.] It seemed especially appropriate that he should have been selected to present this Memorial Flag. In the days of him whose memory they were then honoring, when Marion and Pickens fought together, there came a young cavalier from Virginia to ride with the Carolina heroes, and his name had been handed down in history as Lighthorse Harry Lee. [Cheers.] And in later days, when the great heart of the South quivered in the agony of the death struggle, all eyes were turned to one man, and all minds looked to him for help in their bitter need. That man was Robert E. Lee, whose son stood before them. [Long continued cheering.] He presented him then to the audience as a descendant of Light Horse Harry Lee and a son of Robert E. Lee, who was not unworthy of their great name and glorious fame. [Round after round of cheers.]

Gen. Lee came forward, accompanied by Surgeon T. Grange Simons of the staff of the First Regiment of Rifles, who represented the ladies, and delivered the Memorial Flag into Gen. Lee's hands, who, expressing the pleasure he felt at being introduced by Governor Hampton, who, he said, was as much beloved and admired in Virginia as in Carolina, spoke as follows:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* The occasion which draws us together here to-night is one of unusual interest, for we do honor to the heroes of two revolutions—one crowned with victory, the other with defeat. Yet who can say that the Lost Cause was not equally as glorious as the one upon which success was enthroned.

Ah, me! as I glance around this assemblage to-night, and see many friends of the camp and bivouac, I feel mingled sentiments of sorrow and joy. When I grasp the hands of comrades which have been stained with the grime of battle, I feel a throb of pleasure which no other occasion has ever been able to excite within my bosom. And yet I would not, if I could, shut out from my heart that shadow of sadness which comes athwart it when I think of our glorious dead! Their graves lie upon the fair bosom of our sunny land, alone and congregated together. Who can look upon these sacred mounds, which annually receive the tribute of woman's loving

care, without nerving himself anew to the determination to cling forever to their memories and the sacrifices they made for the cause of liberty, as they conceived and illustrated it?

When reflecting thus who can believe that these died in vain! In commemorating the deeds of the heroes of '76, we must not forget, my friends, the valor of those who for long and wearying years conducted a defensive warfare unparalleled in history until overwhelmed by superior numbers and resources, and who only furled their banners when further resistance ceased to be possible. Ours was a lesson often taught in the world's history. Right may succumb to might, but this need not work dishonor. Our lands were laid waste, our houses were burned, and our sufferings were great; and yet, moved by the ennobling ambition to preserve our honor untarnished, we live to-day in the good esteem of all fair-minded people, and our deeds will descend in history and burn to our imperishable credit on its pages. If the fame of the ancient heroes has come down to our day undimmed by ages, so will our fame go to the future. Go to Marathon! It is a desert. Shepherds drive their flocks over its historic plains, where once was heard the clash of arms and the shouts of victory. No memorial remains to commemorate the deeds, but the mind reverts to the past, and the soul warms when the fame of Miltiades is recalled. See Sparta! Tourists contend as to where was the Eratus, where the famous field, its palaces, temples and tombs, not a vestige of which remains; but the virtues of the heroes remain, which defy the ravages of time. And who can view the bleak and barren hills of Laconia; who Thermopylae, thy rugged pass, which only sent back one messenger of death, and not do homage to the olden past; when victorious Greece loved freedom, and freedom gloried in Leonidas. Over the ruins of Carthage the Moor now wanders indolent and wretched, yet it was Carthage which produced a Hannibal to thunder at the gates of Rome. It was Carthage that ruled the Empire of the Sea and extended the commerce of the world. Yet when we contemplate its rise, progress and decay, we remember Zama and the age of the Scipios. And Rome, once mistress of the world, the seat of arts, of arms and of the brightest honor too, we can but exclaim indeed, "How are the mighty fallen!" As we survey its gray ruins, and behold the remains of the Colliseum, the Forum and the Capitol, we think of the time when assembled thousands listened to the soul-breathing eloquence of Tully until we fancy that those mouldering walls respond to the magic of his tongue. How pleasant to dwell upon the virtues of Cato, disdaining to survive the liberties of his country. Then upon Cassius, glorying in being the last of the Romans! Ages have passed since these great exemplars lived, but their virtues survive. If we should have this great republic live for ages, the repository of genius, art, energy and en-

terprise, we must take wisdom from the past, and avoid all those influences which destroyed grand empires and men who emblazoned their escutcheons with heroic deeds. Let not our common country be impaired by luxury, effeminacy, or it will sink into decay. Rather let us rise to a higher appreciation of citizenship, always remembering those who gave us this broad domain, and the spirit which inspired the heroes, whom we honor to-day, whose memories will always flourish with us in immortal youth, unhurt by the wreck of Empires, or fall of States!

I well remember in the rush of Southern men to the lines of the Potomac that the sons of the Palmetto State proved themselves worthy of their gallant sires. The sentiment which inspired them was, that as they had been foremost in bringing on the war they desired to be in the forefront of battle; and they made good with their lives the sentiment and the promises they had given to the cause. Their bones lie on every field, and they have left in almost every glen and on almost every hill of Old Virginia their humble mounds, which speak more eloquently than a memorial of stone or brass. On every side to-day I catch a friendly glance and feel the pressure of a warm hand, which fills my heart with joy. Bound together not only by a proud and glorious history, but by the indissoluble ties of a woman's sympathy, Virginia and Carolina will honor and cherish each other as the successive generations rise and pass away. The children of these Commonwealths will always feel as brothers, and work and act together. And now, my young comrades, for such I must call you, I have a duty to perform, involving more pleasure than I can adequately express, for I obey the mandate of fair ones, whose love and sympathy softened and sweetened war's rough way, and always bade us hope. That duty is to present you with this beautiful flag, prepared by their own hands in honor of the dead of the first and second Revolutions. You will remember that the Latins said that "Wherever they beheld the images of their ancestors they felt their minds vehemently exercised to virtue." It could not be the wax or the marble which possessed this power, but the recollection of their great actions which kindled a flame in their breasts not to be quenched until they, by virtue, had acquired equal fame and glory.

So be it with you, and when you look upon these folds strive to emulate the deeds of those whose achievements in peace and war it records and transmits to posterity, reflect upon the victories and heroic deeds of our ancestors, who risked all for what they thought right, and dispel from your minds the modern idea that success justifies the means or ennobles a cause. Such an idea is demoralizing to a people who struck for what they believed right, and died for it.

Comrades, in presenting to you this beautiful flag, I do so with sentiments suggested by the name and fame of Washington, and

the burning wish that you will cherish it as the symbol of virtue and honor. May you bear it, if needs be, as its precursor was borne, in the thickest of the fight, and regard it in times of peace as a sacred and holy talisman. If ever pressed by adversity or tempted to forsake your principles or forget the record of your glorious past, do as did the followers of Bruce, with his heart—look upon it, recall the past, and then, with manly resolve, say: "Pass on—I will follow thee or die!"

Such was Gen. Lee's speech on presenting the flag. It is imperfectly reported, it being impossible to catch many eloquent passages amid the enthusiasm and applause which pervaded the scene of its delivery.

Capt. Courtenay said that a private A. B. Capers, of the Washington Light Infantry, had been selected to receive the flag in behalf of the corps. Amid much applause, which was frequently repeated during the course of his remarks, private Capers advanced from the ranks and spoke as follows:

*General:* The Washington Light Infantry receive their banner with delight. We have heard with pride your eloquent tribute to the military services of our corps in other days, and would thank you for it rightly, if we could. To be praised by a man himself commended beyond our praise, "*tam Marte quam Minerva proclara,*" this indeed is praise.

Ladies of the Washington Light Infantry, we tender you the homage of grateful hearts for this priceless mark of your favor and confidence—the gift of beauty—and the hand of valor presented it.

Men survive and are here—who, more than fifty years ago, received in sacred guardianship the flag of a Washington, scarred with mementoes of many fields. That flag was presented by a daughter of Carolina. Tonight we receive from the hand of a Virginian, not less heroic than the hero of Cowpens and Eutaw, not less the defender and protector of his people, a spotless banner, given by the daughters of Carolina. We hail the omen, and accept the obligation it conveys. Hearted with hope we will place our flag of the future by the side of that treasured guidon of the past. In such companionship, surrounded by chaplets from later fields, it shall symbolize perpetually this memorable occasion—memorable to you, Veterans of the Washington Light Infantry! who have seen these gallant leaders, whose presence to-night does so much honor, when their swords led the van of victory or followed late in defeat; memorable to all of us as the first unfettered anniversary in thirteen years; celebrated not by disfranchised citizens in the quasi secret session of a disbanded club, but by volunteers organized and equipped according to ancient law and usage, celebrated in the free air of a redeemed State, her authority maintained, her counsels guided, her people represented by her own sons, and her power supported by the strong arm of that "noblest Roman of them all," who made his way to her side through the myrmidons of despotic power that beset her, and

lifting her banner from the dust of infamy in which they had trailed it, planted it once more on the dome of her Capitol.

"And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest thy great commander's claim."

Welcome the hour which gathers around him these iron-crowned Paladins, as if to illustrate in living characters the soul of Washington. Thrice welcome the banner that comes to us on such a day, in a presence so august, from a hand so honored and from hearts so true. We will bear it on, it may be, to the future of the great Georgian's hopes, to whom God gave that "one hour more" denied to the great Carolinian. Into its misty morning we will bear the records which true, loyal, devoted woman has embroidered here, with hearts alive to all the prestige of the glorious past, and keenly sensitive to the thrilling inspirations of the present.

Capt. Coutenay then announced that the exercises would conclude with the benediction by the Rev. A. Toomer Porter. The crowd then moved slowly out, many of its

components passing around the stage to obtain a near view of the beautiful flag which was displayed by a member of the company. Among the audience were the pupils of the Holy Communion Church Institute, who marched in in a body, attracting much attention by their handsome appearance and perfect drill.

#### W. L. I. Reunion.

The Washington Light Infantry had a reunion at their hall at 9 P. M., which was largely attended by the members. The evening was very pleasantly spent in recalling reminiscences and interchanging sentiment. In the course of the evening several delightful glees were sung by an impromptu choir. The members separated after midnight, impressed with pleasant recollections of the event.

A delicate compliment was paid by several ladies of the Washington Light Infantry in the decoration of the three large gothic chairs in the armory; on the summit of each the names of Hampton, Lee, Trimble, were woven in violets, and the chairs were then removed to Military Hall, and occupied by these distinguished soldier guests at the oration and flag presentation.

## THE NEW ARMORY OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY—A HAND-SOME ACCOUNT OF A NOTABLE IMPROVEMENT.

[ FROM THE NEWS AND COURIER, MARCH 2, 1878.]

The new Armory of the Washington Light Infantry is attracting attention outside of the State. In the last issue of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine there is an exterior view of the Masonic Temple, and an interior view of the W. L. I. headquarters, with the following editorial comment:

In the selection for a rendezvous for a military corps two objects are usually considered, a location convenient for the members, and useful in a military point of view. If it was intended to fix the point nearest the centre of the City of Charleston, the lines from north to south and from east to west would intersect near the headquarters of the Fourth Brigade—the stately Military Hall on Wentworth street, with its grand drill-room 80x100 feet, and its suites of rooms for the convenience of the city companies. One door west of this building is the Masonic Temple, at the corner of King and Wentworth streets. A recent change in the interior arrangements of this building afforded an opportunity, which has been accepted by this historic corps, to secure a permanent home, combining all the advantages of convenience in location, desirableness in appointments, and with unexceptionable surroundings. The new headquarters are on King street, the favorite promenade of the ladies of Charleston. The armory is located on the second floor of the Masonic Temple, and consists of a drawing-room and ordinary. Ascending from the street, the eye is arrested in the upper corridor by an elaborate plate-glass panel over a wide portal, on which, in crystal letters, is displayed—

“WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, 1807.”

Entrance is had to an elegantly appointed apartment, 20 by 44, with a height of 18½ feet. Four large windows on Wentworth street throw a flood of soft light into the

room, the walls and ceiling of which are finished in hard wood of a beautiful cream color. The ceiling is panelled with deep mouldings, tinted in carmine, orange and brown, presenting a rich effect. On the south wall is a rifle-stand, 18 feet long and 12 feet high, of walnut, with plate-glass doors and elaborate cornices and ornamentation, in which are stacked 120 Springfield breech-loaders. In the cupboard below are kept the fatigue suits, equipments, ordnance and quartermaster's stores. The chairs, sofas and tables are all in walnut, the floor is stained of the same color, and the impression left on a visitor is that of a chaste, simple and complete military headquarters. Passing through a large folding-door, the visitor finds himself in a carpeted drawing-room, 20 by 22, with stately chairs in crimson rep furnishings, escritoire, tables, &c., in rich walnut. A portrait of Washington, presented by citizens of France, and of woven silk, is displayed to good advantage, while on either side are portraits of Gen. R. E. Lee and Governor Wade Hampton. On the walls are likenesses also of ex-commanders, chaplains and orators connected with the corps.

These complete saloons were presented by the senior members to the young men of this active company on the 5th December last, in the presence of a large membership. Among the invited guests were Gen. Stegling and staff, Fourth Brigade South Carolina Volunteers; Gen. Rutledge and staff, First Mounted Brigade South Carolina Volunteers; Gen. Hunt and staff, United States Army; the Most Worshipful Grand Master DeSaussure and the officers of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina. This command is known to the whole country for its *esprit du corps*, having visited Bunker Hill in 1875, and was the color company in the parade of the Centennial Legion at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1876—a corps representing the “Old Thirteen.” Its friends throughout the Union will be glad to hear of its continued prosperity.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Lee.

[From *The News and Courier*.]

The correspondence published below speaks for itself. In inviting Gen. W. H. F. Lee to Charleston at this time the Washington Light Infantry have but expressed, in a singularly appropriate and felicitous way, the universal sense of our people. It will add even greater enthusiasm to the occasion to have his presence as one of the illustrious gathering who will make the coming anniversary a most memorable one for our city. Gen. Lee, both for himself and the memories that cluster around his name, will be the honored guest, not only of the Washington Light Infantry, but of the City and State—a guest whom our people will deem it high privilege to welcome, and rejoice to greet on the soil of Carolina. The arrangements for the reception and entertainment of so distinguished a visitor may well be left to that Company who, from the time of its reception of Lafayette down to its recent welcome to the first Governor of Carolina in our new era, has always done the honors of such occasions most acceptably to the community:

CHARLESTON, January 8, 1878.

To Gen. Wm. H. F. Lee, Richmond, Va.:

GENERAL—I have the honor to enclose to you a letter from the lady friends of the Washington Light Infantry, soliciting your presence in Charleston on the 22d February, 1878, and your friendly co-operation in their flag presentation. I am authorized, General, to announce to you that his Excellency Governor Wade Hampton, our most illustrious member, will be with our command on Washington's Birthday to welcome you to South Carolina.

Let me add, General, that your visit to Charleston on our coming anniversary will be most highly appreciated by our command, and be as well a gratification to the entire community, recalling the joys and sorrows of the men and women of Virginia and South Carolina, mutually shared, through more than a century of time.

This command will esteem it a privilege to entertain you as their guest on the coming anniversary.

With sentiments of the highest esteem and regard, I am, General, your most obedient servant,

Wm. A. COURTEENAY, Captain.

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 8, 1878.

To Gen. Wm. H. F. Lee, Richmond, Va.:

GENERAL.—The ladies closely associated with the Washington Light Infantry have made for the corps a flag that commemorates

its history in peace and in war—a symbol of memories dear to them as the life and honor of the company—from the day of its founding, by William Lowndes, through the long years of civic renown and the dark days of desolating war. Among its sacred memories this flag would recall and perpetuate the valor and devotion of the one hundred and thirteen dead—"Pariter pietate vel armis insignis"—whom the company—one in peace and three in war—gave the State and the South in a cause where a brave people in honest conviction shed their best blood for their thought and feeling.

Many of those dead fell fighting on the fields of Virginia, and for many of them her bosom is a last resting place.

Those long years of battling sojourned on your soil, the sacred bond that those graves are, linking our hearts to your people, the unity of heart and purpose of Virginia and Carolina in the past and in the present, make us turn instinctively to a son of Virginia to do us the kind office of presenting our flag. And as in the hour of the sorest need we would have gone to the great chieftain and hero, your father, so in time of our rejoicing, in his name and in memory of the past, we gladly come to you and ask you to do us the honor of presenting to our loved corps this banner, which we have endeavored to make a treasure-house of memory.

We have chosen as the day of presentation the 22d of February, the natal day of him whose mind and heart—the common blessing of the modern world—we invoke as the inspiration of the future life of the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston.

(Signed by a number of lady friends of the corps.)

RICHMOND, Va., January 17, 1878.  
Capt. W. A. Courtenay, Washington Light Infantry, Charleston, S. C.

CAPTAIN—Your letter of the 8th instant, with enclosure from the lady friends of the Washington Light Infantry, was duly received through the courtesy of Gen. T. M. Logan. I have expressed to the ladies my acceptance of their invitation in a letter which I enclose to you, and shall feel obliged if you will present it to them. It will be very pleasing to me to accept the invitation of the company which you command, and to be their guest during my stay in Charleston on their approaching anniversary, and I shall most cheerfully place myself at your disposal on that occasion.

Please present to each member of your company my most cordial thanks for the compli-

ment conveyed by their invitation, and allow me to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant, W. H. F. LEE.  
RICHMOND, VA., January 18, 1878.

*To the Lady Friends of the Washington Light Infantry, Charleston, S. C.:*

LADIES—I have the pleasure and honor to acknowledge your very flattering invitation to be present with you in your contemplated ceremonies on the 22d of February, and present, on your behalf, a flag prepared by your hands in remembrance of the heroes of 1776 and 1861 to the company which bears the name of him who illustrated in his character the motto inscribed upon your banner. In accepting your invitation, please be assured of my graceful appreciation of the kind sentiments expressed therein for one whose highest ambition was to serve his country in her time of need, and whose heart in the days of her humiliation and sorrow had no throb not in sympathy with his suffering countrymen.

I shall look forward with great pleasure to my visit to your battle-scarred city, being certain of a hearty welcome, as among your citizens I shall meet many comrades, who followed Jackson and rode with Hampton in the memorable campaigns in Virginia.

With sentiments of highest esteem, I remain your most obedient servant,

W. H. F. LEE.

**Governor Hampton.**

The following is the letter of invitation to visit Charleston on the 22d February, addressed by the Washington Light Infantry to Governor Hampton :

WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY ARMORY, }  
CHARLESTON, February 14, 1878. }  
To his Excellency Wade Hampton, Governor of  
South Carolina, Columbia, S. C. :

GOVERNOR—The Washington Light Infantry will celebrate, as usual, the Birthday of Washington. We remember, with heartfelt gratitude and delight, your presence among us last year, at the close of that period so fraught with danger to the State, and from which, in the Providence of God, we had just been vouchsafed a glad deliverance. We recall the inspiration of your words and the good cheer and moral strength your visit gave our people.

We rejoiced that through those high instrumentalities of your wisdom, your supreme patience and devotion to Carolina, there has been wrought out a still further redemption in the counsels of her leadership. That the same spirit of wisdom and moderation, justice and liberality, which made your struggle for the State a great moral triumph in this land, in this same spirit you have maintained and are now maintaining those broad and great principles enunciated as the basis of your labor for new Carolina, and on which alone as a foundation we believe her future welfare rests.

With these memories of the recent past and in the full sunlight of a new era, rejoicing the

heart and inspiring the mind with its beneficent rays, shedding the warmth of life and the light of hope, we gladly come to you and ask you to do us the honor of being with us on the birthday of Washington.

We beg to inform you that on that day, at 5½ P. M., the Washington Light Infantry will extend a reception to "Hampton and Lee," at the Armory, where you will meet your fellow-countrymen, companions and compatriots in war and in peace, and where, in the name of Carolina, for whom we shall ask you to respond on that occasion, we beg that you speak to the young men who cluster fondly about the knees of our Old Mother, and who will always listen eagerly to catch the words of him who once again, in this her civic story, has made the path of duty the pathway of her glory.

You will also meet, and we beg that you introduce to our fellow-citizens, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, of Virginia, the distinguished son of the great hero and chieftain, the honored guest of the Washington Light Infantry, and a most welcome guest of Carolina, who has kindly consented to be present on that day and present a flag—a symbol of the company's martial and civic life and a storehouse of its memories—to the corps on behalf of the ladies.

Trusting that you will be able to accede to the wishes of those who will await most enthusiastically your coming and gladly greet you once more in our midst,

In behalf of the company we are, Governor, your very obedient servants,

W. A. COURTEENAY, Capt.

GEO. D. BRYAN, First Lieut.

ALEX. W. MARSHALL, Sec. Lieut.

W. LUCAS SIMONS, Third Lieut.

GEO. B. EDWARDS, Lt. and Q'r'm'r.

The following letter in reply was received from Governor Hampton :

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,  
COLUMBIA, February 19, 1878.

My Dear Sir—The kind and flattering invitation extended to me by my friends of the Washington Light Infantry has been received, and I accept it with great pleasure. I beg you to convey to the company my appreciation of their action in this matter, and of the complimentary terms in which they have been pleased to notify me of the honor done me.

With my earnest good wishes for the prosperity of your time-honored company, I am, very truly yours,

WADE HAMPTON.

Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay, W. L. I.

**A Relic from Fort Sumter.**

The following correspondence will be read with interest by brave men everywhere. It covers a gift to the Washington Light Infantry of one of the two flags in use during the seven months of Maj. Hugueuin's command of the gate to Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 19, 1878.  
To Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay, the Officers and  
Members of the Washington Light Infantry:

GENTLEMEN—I send you by our mutual

friend, Mr. Tovcy, a relic of the late civil war, which is priceless in value for its historic associations. It is the last flag that waved over the ruins of Fort Sumter, and was removed from the staff thirteen years ago *to-day*, when the evacuation of Charleston necessitated the abandonment of Fort Sumter.

This flag, and another like it, braved the battle and the breeze during the seven months when Maj. T. A. Huguenin commanded the fort, and was torn, as you now see it, in the terrific sixty day and night bombardment, the severest and most continuous attack ever made upon a single garrison during the late war between the States, and is sanctified by the life-blood of many brave spirits.

For gallantry and devotion in Fort Sumter, Maj. Huguenin gave this flag at the close of the war to Lieut. Thomas P. Mikell, first lieutenant South Carolina Regular Infantry, by whom it was given to me. Since that gloomy night in 1865, thirteen years ago, South Carolina has emerged into a new life. The issues which this battle-scarred flag once represented have now been finally settled, and the time has come when North and South can look upon this piece of faded bunting with tender memories and without bitterness of feeling.

It has been my intention for many years to place this relic in the custody of the Washington Light Infantry, partly for the reason that my military service was in its ranks, but chiefly because of their costly sacrifices in Fort Sumter during its bombardment. It was the fortune of Companies A and B, 25th S. C. V., to serve several times in the garrison of Sumter, a duty so severe as to necessitate frequent reliefs. On one occasion these commands stood at their post of duty for six consecutive weeks, and the explosion of a single shell killed eleven members of Capt. Carson's company, 25th S. C. V. With this feeling I wish to commit to the care of those who stood in Sumter during days of peril, and their successors, this tattered flag in appreciation of the honorable record of the W. L. I. in peace and war, and with the certainty that it will be preserved to posterity, a constant reminder to those who come after of the self-sacrificing devotion of their predecessors of 1861-65.

With the assurance of my deep interest in all that relates to the honor and welfare of my old corps, I am yours very truly,

W. GEORGE GIBBS.

MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C., Feb. 19, 1878.

Capt. W. A. Courtenay:

DEAR CAPTAIN—It gives me great pleasure to confirm the historical account of the flag presented to the W. L. I. by Mr. W. George Gibbs.

When the orders were received in February, 1865, to prepare for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, they were of such a nature that besides what was especially ordered to be left in the Fort it would be absolutely necessary for the majority of the officers' baggage, with extra garrison supplies, to be destroyed, un-

less some private means could be obtained for their removal. This was impossible, except to a very limited extent. I was desirous to secure my private effects, and therefore sent my servant off the night before the evacuation with my extra clothing, watch, &c. Not knowing what would be the chances of war, and appreciating the value of the flags which had floated over our ramparts, I determined to send them with my private baggage to Sumter, S. C., as in this private way I rightly conceived they would run less risk. Accordingly the day preceding by one the night of the evacuation I cut off the two tattered battle flags that had triumphantly waved from their staffs, and packing them with my clothing sent them to Sumter, S. C., to Mrs. Mikell, the wife of Lt. Thos. P. Mikell, 1st S. C. Regular Infantry, who had for six months served gallantly in the Fort in various capacities. Next morning I mounted a new battle flag, which was hauled down at sunset without having a shot fired at it. That night we evacuated the Fort, and as soon as I joined my brigade at Strawberry Ferry I turned the flag over to the brigade commander. What ever became of it is a matter of no historical consequence, as it waved over the Fort but a single day, was never fired upon, and no drop of blood was spilt to consecrate its folds.

When the war was over I received a letter from Lieut. Mikell, before mentioned, informing me that Mrs. Mikell had carefully guarded the two flags, and that they were at my disposal. In appreciation of Mrs. Mikell's care and attention and the gallantry of her husband, Lieut. Mikell, while under my command, I wrote to him to send me one of the flags and to keep one for himself. The flag sent to me is now in the care of the Sumter Guards. The flag in possession of the W. L. I. is its mate.

These two flags were used at Fort Sumter during my entire command of seven months, during which occurred the sixty day and night bombardment—the longest the fort was ever subjected to—and are sanctified not only by the roar of battle, but by the life-blood of many noble and gallant soldiers. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. A. HUGUENIN.

A meeting of this corps was held at their armory on 5th March, Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay presiding. After disposing of considerable company business, the following preamble and resolutions were then offered by Corp. J. Ancrum Simmons:

The Washington Light Infantry have been greatly honored by being made the custodians of the battle-flag which waved over Fort Sumter during the last days of its heroic defense. The eloquent and touching letter of Mr. W. George Gibbs, covering the gift of this battle-scarred and tattered relic, recalls memories which are softened by time, but which can never be forgotten; memories too sacred for utterance, best expressed in silence, for who will attempt to describe the fortitude,



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the endurance and the sacrifice, on that bare acre of stony soil at the entrance of our harbor? A recent writer, describing a visit to the site of the ancient Mission of the Alamo on our Southwestern border, tells of representatives of both the late contestants in its tragic story, standing with uncovered heads, while they read on the shaft erected to its heroic defenders the legend whose eloquence causes the heart to pause in its pulsations. "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none," so too of Sumter; after the bitterness of feeling, and the animosities of the civil war shall have passed away, the men of the North and the South, standing on this water-bound fortress, can with uncovered heads pay the homage of generous hearts to the brave men who, in the discharge of their duty, "held the fort" to the end. Its heroic history, like that of Thermopylae and the Alamo, will survive through generations yet unborn; and this flag, which we now receive, with a full sense of the obligations which follows its possession, will symbolize to those who come after us the highest type of the martial virtues. It may be, in the future life of the Republic, that Sumter may again be the scene of conflict, when the men of the North and the South, of the East and the West, will compose its garrison, with responsibilities as momentous as those borne by the men of 1861-65. In such an emergency the past record of Sumter which this flag typifies will be the standard of their duty; for what American soldier in the future would dare do less on this historic site than those of the past, and thus this historic standard which has braved the battle and the breeze, the symbol of a duty faithfully discharged, of an honor unblemished in the sorest need, will be the inspiration and impulse to other heroic actions. In this spirit we accept this relic, and will transmit it with affectionate care to posterity. Be it therefore

*Resolved*, That the Washington Light Infantry accept with reverent hands and hearts the flag of Fort Sumter. That they tender to the donor, W. George Gibbs, Esq., their sincere acknowledgments for the honor done them by placing this flag in their custody, and that he be elected an honorary member of the corps.

*Resolved*, That Maj. T. A. Huguenin, who so gallantly defended Fort Sumter as Commander under this banner, be also elected an honorary member of the corps.

**The Flag of the Palmetto Regiment, S. C.  
V., carried in the Mexican War, 1846-47.**

The following letter was then read:

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 22d, 1878.  
*Capt. Wm. A. Courtney, Washington Light Infantry:*

DEAR CAPTAIN—Appreciating the interest that you and the members of your corps take in the collection of mementoes of the past, for their careful preservation, and having one in my possession which came to me through a

member of your corps, and which, though but a fragment in itself, I know you will value for the associations connected with it, I have determined to commit it to your keeping. It is a fragment of the Regimental Flag of the Palmetto Regiment, which was carried by that Regiment in every engagement in which they participated in the war with Mexico; and which I am proud to know, was the *first flag* of any Regiment, either volunteers or regulars, which floated within the city of Mexico, and which was the last to leave it.

I prize it highly, and only part with it to commit it to the safe keeping of your corps; at the same time wishing them as bright a future as their past has been honorable.

I am, very respectfully,

LEWIS F. ROBERTSON,  
Late 2d Lieut. Co. F., Palmetto Reg't, S. C. V.

Lieut. Alex. W. Marshall submitted the following preamble and resolutions:

The Washington Light Infantry desires to place on record their sense of obligation to Ex-Lieut. Lewis F. Robertson, Company F., Palmetto Regiment, S. C. V., for the great honor done them in the presentation of a fragment of the State Colors, borne by that distinguished command from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico in the brilliant campaign of 1846-47, under Gen. Winfield Scott. This fragment of blue silk, with its faded fringe, carries us in memory to Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec and the Garita de Belin, and recalls the historic fact of the flag of the Palmetto Regiment being the first to wave in victory at the capital of Mexico. Charleston was represented in that Regiment by "Company F," officered by Blanding, Manigault, ROBERTSON and Bell. Thirty years have passed away since the remnant of that command was welcomed home, and the highest honors of the State and country bestowed upon them. During this long period this little relic has been carefully preserved by the gallant and public spirited donor, and it now comes into our custody that it may be preserved to posterity. We give it a worthy place in our armory, in close association with the full roll of the officers and men of that Regiment now adorning our head-quarters. It will be valued with the Eutaw Standard and the Fort Sumter Flag, as tokens of South Carolina's historic past, and will ever repeat to each and all of us the injunction: "Sons be worthy of your sires." Be it, therefore,

*Resolved*, That the Washington Light Infantry accept with proper pride this little souvenir of South Carolina's historic past; that it will be carefully preserved, not only for its military associations, but as well in testimony of the gallant donor's record in that chivalrous Regiment.

*Resolved*, That Lieut. Robertson be enrolled as an honorary member of our corps; and a copy of these proceedings, duly attested, be forwarded to him by the Secretary.

Both preambles and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

